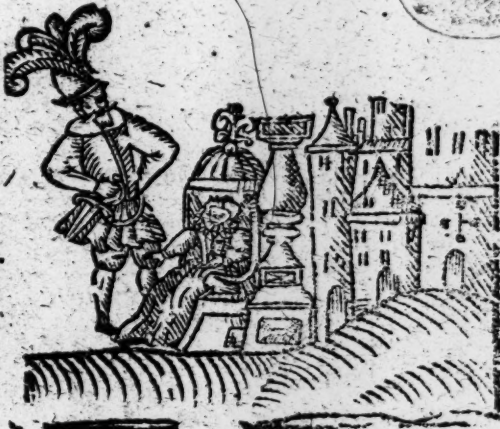


## The second part, To the same tune.



**V**hen bright Aurora p'p'd out,  
And Phœbus newly look'd about,  
I first (according to my vow)  
made haste unto this plighted bough:  
Here as I layd for my repose,  
While counting o'er late did repose,  
A Lyon with inhumane pawes,  
Came to that well to coole his pawes.

His mouth was all with blood besmeard,  
His instrument of Death I fear'd,  
I fled to hide my selfe for feare,  
And left behind my mantle there.  
The Lyon having fi'd his thirst,  
Ran where I left my garment first,  
But when he saw no place for prey:  
He scul'd with bloody Luerie:

And having mofied thus the same,  
Whither he went whence first he came:  
But I knew not that he was gone,  
And therefore stayd I hid alone.  
In the meane time (Oh griefe) came he,  
Who promis'd had to meet with me,  
And under this our plighted bough,  
He sought performance of our vow.

He found not me, but found my Coat,  
All bloodied by the Lyons throat,  
Which when he saw with blood belayd,  
By absence made him soe afraid:  
What should he thinke, but that some beast,  
Upon my catkalls made his feast:  
He thought that the grim Lyons whelp,  
Debauch'd me being voyd of helpe.

While he these events thus did byoke,  
The instrument of death he toke,  
A naked sword, which by his side,  
Ready for Combats he had tyed:  
I thus, quoth he, wrought my Lones death,  
The end of her shall end my breath,  
And thereupon thrust to the hilt  
His sword, and thus his blood he spilt.

That the first Passenger might know,  
The dismal events of this woe,  
He wrote and pin'd a note thereof,  
Upon his hatt to shew the people:  
Which I being voyd of feare at last,  
And thinking all the danger past,  
Returning from that hideous bed,  
Whereto I from the Lyon fled,

I found this Copie of his death,  
And his dead carkasse voyd of breath:  
No sob, no sighes, no grieves, no groanes,  
No trickling teares, no mournfull moanes,  
No exclamations, no cries,  
No dolefull dittie, or Chigies,  
Shall serve for to bealle his end,  
Which for my lone his life did spend.

In life his love did mee persue,  
But by his death he prou'd it true:  
If he then for my sake did die,  
As much for him who should not I:  
Since death hath vs denied our right,  
Then friendly death shall vs unite,  
And I will follow him in haste,  
Who thought he followed me being past.

These words as soone as she had spoke,  
She gave her selfe a deadly stroke:  
She drew the sword out of his breast,  
And in her owne the same ther thrust.  
And as in life their hearts were one,  
So are their liues together gone,  
In spite of parents, time or place,  
Fond love will runne his wilhed race.

Thus haue you heard a Tragedy  
Acted by louers constancy,  
God send such louers better sped:  
Where seruency true Lones doth breed.

FINIS.

Imp.rinted at London for Francis Coules and  
are to be sold at his shop in the  
Old-Bayley.